

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

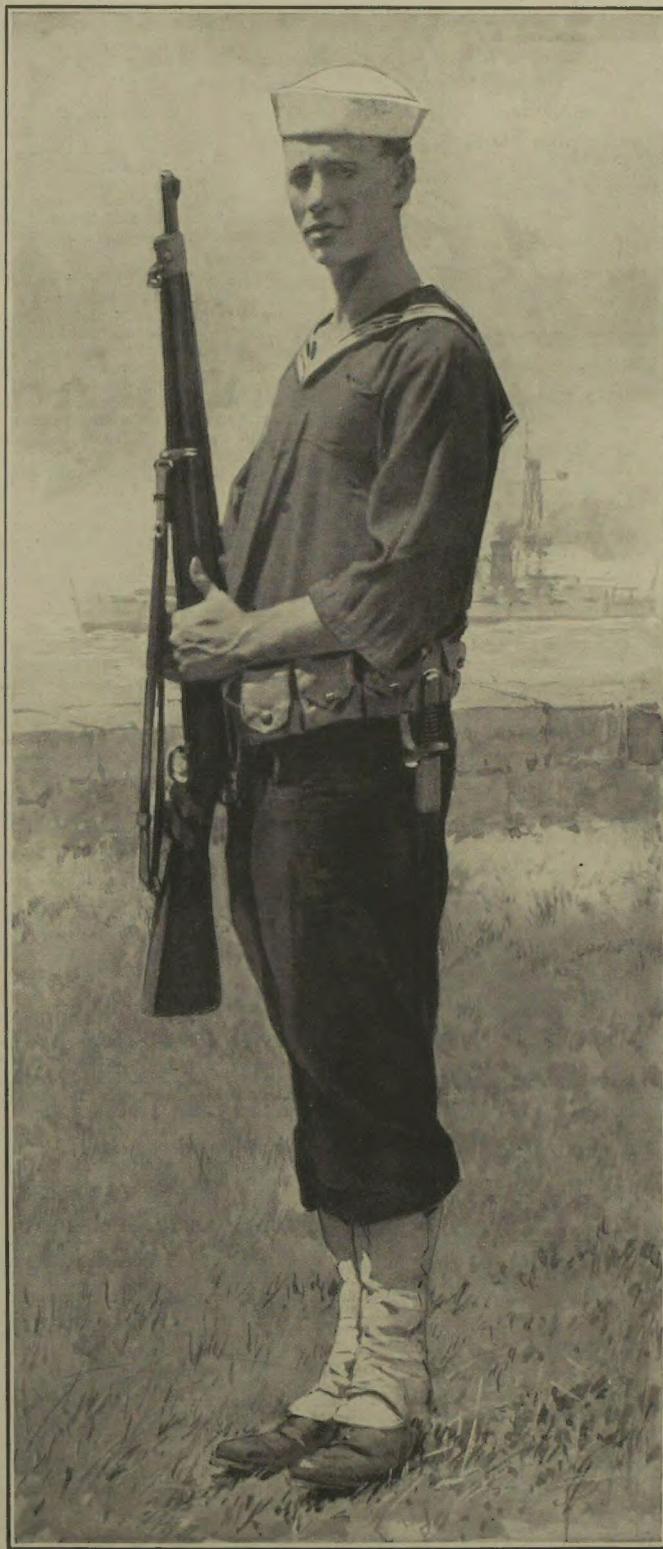
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SEVENPENCE.

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TYPES OF THE PERSONNEL OF THE UNITED STATES FORCES: AN AMERICAN SAILOR AND AN AMERICAN MILITIAMAN.

The United States Navy is a formidable force, and will be much more so when the great programme of naval construction, recently adopted, for the years 1917 to 1921, has been carried out. It now includes fourteen Dreadnoughts, the last six of which carry 14-inch guns; and five other battle-ships are in building. Of destroyers—the most useful ships for dealing with hostile submarines—there are said to be about 70, all launched since 1900. The personnel of the American Navy is excellent. "The military forces (to quote the latest "Statesman's Year-Book") "consist of a Federal regular army obtained by voluntary

enlistment, of the National Guard (also obtained by voluntary enlistment) . . . and of a reserve to the National Guard which is unorganised. . . . In the case of the National Guard or organised Militia, the various States maintain the units. . . . The reserve, or unorganised, Militia comprises, with certain exemptions, the whole manhood of the nation between the ages of 18 and 45. . . . Their estimated number is 17 millions, but they are untrained. . . . In event of war, the United States could put into the field about 60,000 regular troops, and about 80,000 or 90,000 partially trained National Guard."

## WAR BOOKS—MOSTLY WOMEN'S.

HERE are a round half-a-dozen books about the War—just a handful from the enormous library it is producing; and yet what a vast effort they represent, and how varied the experiences they record! Take the first one we withdrew from the bundle—in that delightful process of tasting the title-pages over which every book-lover lingers—"The Flaming Sword" (Hodder and Stoughton), by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Its sub-title is "In Serbia and Elsewhere," the very vagueness of which seems to define the wide range within which one may quite well expect war adventures to play. Mrs. Stobart's, as a matter of fact, have been found much farther afield than the confines of her present narrative, the subject of which is the Serbians at war—first, in their own country, and later, in the "elsewhere" of their tragically wonderful retreat, on which she accompanied them.

Of all the peoples who have gone through this struggle, none has come out of the ordeal with a reputation so exalted as the Serbians. They had, of course, to make up a certain leeway in the world's estimation, due partly to a misunderstanding of them, and partly also to the altered standards by which we all now measure nations. If this war has not changed, it has at least revised and clarified our definition of patriotism. "The Serbians are without doubt the most patriotic people that history has ever known," says "An Exchanged Officer," who goes on to suggest, as a reason, that "Serbia is a country almost entirely devoted to agriculture, where the great majority of the inhabitants are owners of the soil, so that in the mouth of a Serbian peasant the words, 'My country,' refer to something more than an abstraction."

This officer, whose book is also in our present batch—"Wounded and a Prisoner of War" (Blackwood)—is an anonymous Scot, shot in the head at Audencourt, nursed by the French at Cambrai, transported (while still not restored to more than a poor show of convalescence) to Würzburg, in Bavaria, and detained in that inhospitable durance until exchanged many months later. In spite of the paralysing nature of his wound, he kept all his wits wonderfully about him, and has recorded his experiences in one of the best-balanced and most circumstantial volumes the war has inspired. As a temperate, and, on that account, damning indictment of the essential barbarism of the German spirit—warmed, at the same time, by appreciation of the enemy virtue he so rarely discovered, and of the French charity so abundantly and tactfully manifested—we recommend this book to every reader.

But the particular point we are making is that it is this cool and liberally educated officer, with manifest racial and social prejudices in association with a broad outlook, who, without any hesitancy of statement, singles out the Serbians as the very pattern of a patriotic people. In exactly the same way they are spoken of by Miss Ellen Chivers Davies, who writes from knowledge of them at close quarters in those hospital experiences as a member of the British Farmers' Unit which she describes in "A Farmer in Serbia" (Methuen). It, like our officer's, is a circumstantial and proportioned story, leaving on the mind a distinct picture of both country and people, and the impression of its being thoroughly authentic. And thus in those two eminently reasoned books—in the one by a general assumption, the other giving practical chapter and verse—we get corroboration of the much more highly emotional admiration for the Serbians in Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's less-restrained pages.

The question of women's place in war is one of those on which Mrs. Stobart writes with perhaps some exaggeration of phrasing, but with no over-estimation of the facts, as two other books in the present miscellany of war literature prove. "Eighteen Months in the War Zone" (Cassell) tells of a woman's work on the Western Front, which is not to be judged from the author's own modest statement of it. Miss Kate John Finzi, during her seventeen months' labours in the base hospitals at Boulogne, kept this diary, without any thought of publication, but only that one day the silences enforced by a rigorous Censor might be made good to those at home. Its simple directness and unpremeditated air at once engage the reader, who will find as he proceeds that it is a brave and sound-hearted narrative. And often a very moving narrative, also, as any plain tale of the facts of this war must be.

Equally single-minded and free from thought of book-making were the journals of two British ladies from which has been compiled the remarkable volume, "The Cellar-House of Pervyse" (A. and C. Black). As it stands, prepared for our perusal by G. E. Mitton, it has taken on a personal colour which might have proved a little embarrassing had the editor's eye for the proper shades been less tactful than it is. The story is already well known, and must not be spoiled by being recited in scraps. Enough to say that the where and the how in which the Baroness T'Serclae (Mrs. Knocke, as she was then) and Miss Mairi Chisholm succoured the Belgians in trench and outpost is surely one of the most romantic pages from real life that the literature of the war can show. And as full of incongruities as that incident in it when the two ladies, recovering their dumbfounded wits on being created by King Albert Chevaliers of the Order of Leopold II., drank each other's health at the *poste* in a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk.

*Place aux Messieurs*, however—for the ladies, even the two at Pervyse, do not claim all our space. Not, for example, when we have such a thrilling adventure as comes to us—in handy popular form—in Mr. Geoffrey Pyke's "To Ruhleben—and Back" (Constable). And not while there still awaits mention the particularly charming "Light and Shade in War" (Arnold), in which father and son have collaborated. Captain Malcolm Ross, the Official War Correspondent with the New Zealand Forces, brought to the volume an already well-tried pen. Mr. Noel Ross, a young soldier, here proves the mettle of his. The identity of both is merged in these papers, which, whether they describe Egypt or Gallipoli, or the storming of Fricourt, or the "Men of the Glen," do so with a singular grace of sentiment and style.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

## The Illustrated London News

*Our readers will note that the price of "The Illustrated London News" has been raised by one penny—that is, to Sevenpence. In the same way, our contemporaries have raised their price. This has been made necessary by the great increase in the cost of paper and of all other materials used, in the cost of labour and of transport. We feel sure that our readers will support us as before, realising that we should not raise the price of our Paper unless such action were really necessary. It should be added, further—and the point seems hardly to call for emphasis—that the Paper will be kept at its present high standard of illustrations and letterpress. The normal price of sixpence will be resumed as soon as possible.*

## "EUROPE UNBOUND."

**I**N "Europe Unbound" (Duckworth) Mr. L. March Phillipps lifts discussion of the war into a more serene atmosphere than is breathed (or exhaled) by the majority of our instant seers and philosophers. For this, much thanks. He strives to pierce through apparent causes and to arrive at realities—in a word, at one reality which is to explain all. This is simply the recognition that the present struggle is for Liberty, in its highest and purest sense—that Liberty for which mankind has struggled since the ideal of freedom first dawned on human consciousness. Hence a majestic historical continuity, for the contest is now seen to be a carrying on, a development of the old combat on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. No petty questions of nationality determine this death-grapple. It is not for Britain that the Colonies have flocked to take their part, but for the rooted ideal of freedom. All is summed up in the antagonism of the ideals of Freedom and of Tyranny. The two have met once more, but this time one or other is to dominate the world. Hitherto the issue of such struggles was more restricted; now the limits are co-terminous with mankind. It is the new Epic, foreshadowed with extraordinary fidelity by Milton, as Mr. March Phillipps shows by several apposite quotations. That the Prussian tyrannical ideal is greatly conceived he will not deny; but there is a greater—Liberty conjoined with, conditioned by, Christianity. That religion, he holds, is the essential enfranchisement. Prussia has dismissed it as unsuitable to the genius of a conquering people. Prussia conceives Empire as an imposition on all of her own supposed national or racial superiority—Great Britain finds the bond of Empire in Liberty, a principle which all share and in which all can co-operate. Between these two the issue must be decided, and Europe is to emerge unbound and unified, as in Goethe's dream. Here the writer enters on the most difficult and the boldest of his speculations. From that unity, he says, Germany must not be excluded. We take it, he is agreed that the War-Lords must go—perhaps he would even consent to their chastisement. He laments a vindictive spirit. Possibly he loses sight somewhat of Justice, which is not incompatible with Liberty, and is not vindictive. His hope is in the German Social Democrats, whom he regards as true (if fettered) custodians of liberty. To these he looks to enable Germany to take her due place in Europe Unbound. Admirable; but the Social Democrats must first prove their attachment to liberty by sending Kaiserism and Junkerdom about their business. That is essential to Mr. March Phillipps's dream.

## AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

## FICTION.

The Dogs of War. Frances G. Burnham. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)  
Regiment of Women. Clemence Dane. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)  
The Just Men of Cordova. Edgar Wallace. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)  
The Thirteenth Commandment. Rupert Hughes. 6s. (Nash.)  
Hearts and Sweethearts. Mme. Albanese. 6s. (Hutchinson.)  
"Quis?" J. A. T. Lloyd. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)  
The Eyes of the Blind. M. P. Wilcock. 6s. (Hutchinson.)  
Blithe McBride. Beulah Marie-Dix. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)  
Canada Chaps. J. G. Sime. 1s. net. (The Bodley Head.)  
Frailty. Olive Wadsey. 6s. (Cassell.)  
The Fishermen. Dimitry Grigorovitch. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)  
Grace Lorraine. Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

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## NEW NOVELS.

"War Phases According to Maria," arrived," as all the students of her history will remember, quite a long time ago. She has an indomitable spirit; she must be in the first flight, or nowhere. In war time, as in peace, she is the weather-vane of Society: trust Maria to know which way the wind blows. So we have "War Phases According to Maria" (The Bodley Head), Mrs. John Lane's scientific study of the great heart of a womanly woman. It is witty and joyous fooling, admirably illustrated by the grotesques of Mr. A. H. Fish. We know now exactly what the Marias of the well-to-do world thought about Zeppelins and anti-gas-bomb prescriptions, and how they slept beside their buckets and their respirators. ("Thought," as one of the tribe is said to have remarked after reviewing her pails of sand prepared in conformance with official instructions, "how you catch a bomb in a bucket I'm sure I don't know!") We are shown how the middle—well, middle-upper—class deals with the great Margarine Question, and we track Maria to "that great department store where everybody goes only they pretend they don't. Maria had on a pre-war hat, and her skirt was so tight that it had 1912 written all over it, and she carried a string-bag. She was, so to speak, in mutiny." There occurs the famous encounter between Mrs. Dill-Binkie and her soaring friend. Maria was equal to the occasion. "I said to her, 'To think of finding you here and buying margarine! Whatever is it like?'" The only fault we have to find with Mrs. Lane's Maria series is that its satire is too delicately tipped to pierce the hide of a real Maria. She would only find it perplexing, and wonder why people were amused by it.

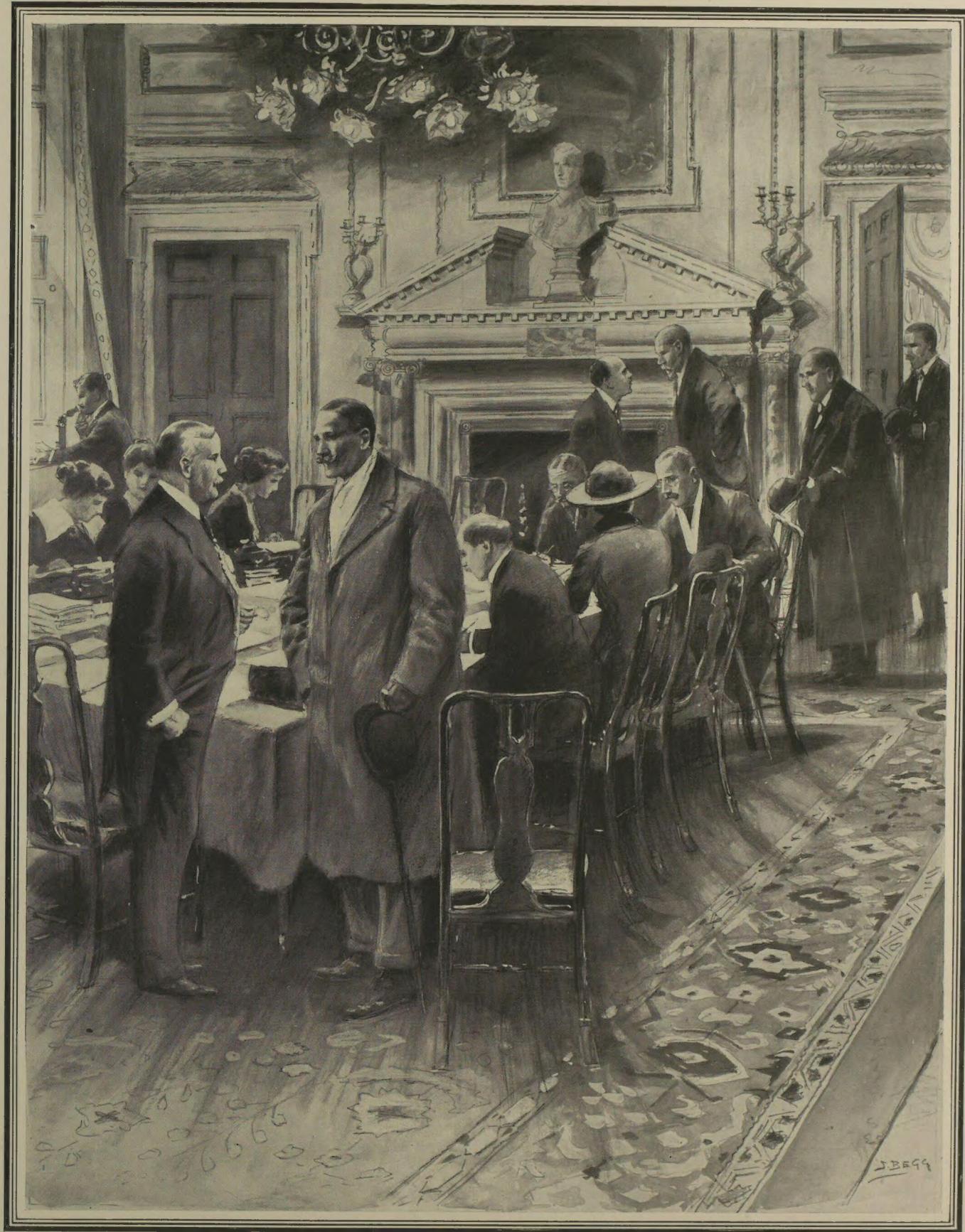
**S**een and Heard. "Seen and Heard, Before and After 1914" (Smith, Elder) has much of the wisdom of women in it, and even more of the measured patience of the ripe observer. In Miss Mary and Miss Jane Findlater there is always to be found the influence of the Emersonian philosophy. Their new volume is in part devoted to an examination of some of the by-paths of the present war. The war-stories are not, we think, the best in the collection, though they have the strongest interest at present. For artistic excellence "The Little Tinker" is hard to beat; and the story of the nun who married the chimney-sweep is of a finely coloured, haunting quality. It has a rare brevity, and its reserve leaves the reader's imagination busy at the untold details of an odd and tragic romance. These are the flower pieces of "Seen and Heard"; its comfortable fruits are, for the most part, packed into "Real Estate," which is a perfect treasure-trove of homely experience and common-sense. There were once two superfluous women, Mrs. Smithson and her companion Caroline Mathers, who lived parasitically on the services of a cook and a housemaid, on dividends, and a mutual dependence. Their lives were stuffy and insignificant in the extreme. Then the war came. They lost their money, fell into dourours, and climbed out of them again by a ladder that must be left to the writers' telling. "How to be Happy Without Servants, by Two Who Have Tried It," would have been a good sub-title to adopt for "Real Estate"—and there is the key to the Smithson-Mathers mystery.

**T**he Bigamist." "The Bigamist" (The Bodley Head) is a vivid picture, to make the flesh creep, of the sufferings of the bigamist's wife. To heighten the effect, you are given to understand that the culprit was a fellow of decent behaviour until he was found out by his unlawful wife—or, if you prefer it, until she consciously participated in his sin. His character was proof against his own conscience, but not against the spectacle of a good woman sacrificing her legal virtue for his sake. Once she too had eaten of the fruit of the tree, they became, like Adam and Eve after the Fall, accomplices in guilt, and from loving came to despise each other. As for the bigamist, there were no depths too deep for him to plumb. He brutally abused his position; he drank; he hated his children; he neighed after the good-looking governess. Never was a moral so well rubbed in, or the way of the transgressors made so hard. Mr. F. E. Mills Young is not satisfied until he plants the offending male in a paralytic's bed, and the woman he has dragged down with him in the bedside chair, chained by her sense of duty and maternal devotion to the criminal. All this is, we think, rather too much to swallow. The man's deterioration may be psychologically correct, but too much is crammed into a very few months.

**A Little World Apart.** Before half-a-dozen pages of George Stevenson's very human story were turned it was impossible not to think of "Cranford." "A Little World Apart" (The Bodley Head) is drawn on a larger scale, but the atmosphere is that of Mrs. Gaskell's work; and, upon referring, it was interesting to recall that Mrs. Gaskell's maiden name was Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, and to speculate whether the gift of making everyday people in a little country town interesting was an example of heredity. It is, in truth, a "little" world with which the author deals, but the people of Applethwaite, from the quaint figure of the peppery, big-hearted old aristocrat, Lady Crane, with her alarming high-explosive ejaculations, to a lovable scapergace, a delightful old clergyman, a charming woman with an *aura* of mystery, and the bucolic inhabitants, are excellently varied, while their days pass with such platitude that Applethwaite comes as a haven of peace in a war-wrecked world. Its sketches of character are so numerous, and the incidents so full of variety, that it is only possible here to recommend the getting of the volume, the more so that, like "Cranford" or "Elia," it will prove a welcome refuge from the heart-breaking realities of to-day. It is not without its own tragedies: the pathetic tragedy of blindness and bereavement, and the pitiful tragedy of intemperance in a woman; and, in the minor characters, as in the major, the note of actuality is never lacking. There is no straining after effect, but, with all the simplicity of the people of Applethwaite, the story is far from being a mere chronicle of small-beer, or of the pettinesses of a Little Pedlington.

“A BIG LOAN WILL SHORTEN THE WAR”: AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



RECRUITING FOR THE FINANCIAL “ARMY BEHIND THE ARMY”: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (ON THE LEFT)  
AT THE ENROLMENT OF CANVASSERS FOR THE WAR LOAN.

The great War Loan is sure to be a gigantic success, and the more gigantic it is the better for the British Empire and the Allied cause. Therefore, it must not be supposed that enough has already been done. On the contrary, no effort should be spared to swell the total, by contributions, large or small, before the list closes on February 16. It is a matter of patriotic duty for everyone, apart from the fact that the Loan is a splendid investment. Mr. Lloyd George said at Carnarvon the other day: “A big Loan will shorten the war; a big number of subscribers will shorten it further. If you cannot

give much, give what you can. It will swell the number of subscribers, it will encourage the Army, it will discourage the foe. Let the Army at the front know that at home there is an army behind the Army, and every man who has got anything to give, I ask him to enlist in that army.” In the work of recruiting for that financial army the City of London has taken a leading part. Our artist's drawing illustrates the enrolling, at the Mansion House, of canvassers to call on people in the City and emphasise the national importance of the Loan.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

“A SHORT AND SHARP ENGAGEMENT”: BRITISH AND GERMAN DESTROYERS IN ACTION NEAR THE SCHOUWEN BANK.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

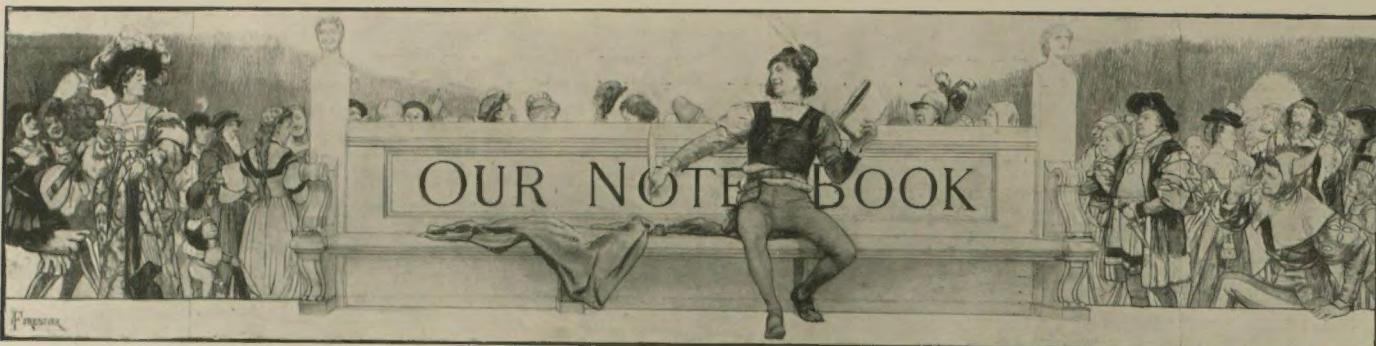


DESTROYERS IN ACTION OFF THE SCHOUWEN BANK LIGHT-SHIP (SEEN TO THE LEFT OF

Two separate destroyer actions, between British and German boats, were fought on the night of January 22-23, regarding which the Admiralty issued the following communiqué on the evening of the latter date: “Last night while our light forces were patrolling in the North Sea, not far from the Dutch coast, they met a division of enemy torpedo-boat destroyers. A short engagement took place, during which one of the enemy torpedo-boat destroyers was sunk; the rest scattered, having suffered considerable punishment. Darkness prevented the full results of the action from being observed. During this night there was also a short and sharp engagement between enemy torpedo-boat destroyers and our own destroyers in the

THE EXPLOSION): THE SECOND OF THE TWO NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS ON JANUARY 23.

vicinity of the Schouwen Bank. During this engagement one of our torpedo-boat destroyers was struck by a torpedo, the explosion killing 3 officers and 44 men of the crew; she was subsequently sunk by our own ships. The relatives have been informed. Our ships suffered no other casualties.” This drawing, done from material supplied by an eye-witness, illustrates the second of the two encounters described in the foregoing Admiralty statement. The explosion in the background was caused by a torpedo; and to the right are seen gun-flashes and one of the German destroyers.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MUCH of the talk about National Service in the newspapers—even the most respectable of them—seems to me to strike the wrong note. It does not give the right reason for such a patriotic effort, and it implies something very like the opposite of the right reason. The governing class generally adopts a tone in the matter which is far from reassuring to other classes, and especially to the working-classes. There is one conception in particular with which very many leaders of politics and the Press seem to be haunted; they say it everywhere in every form, and it strikes me as the very worst thing that they could possibly say.

They say, in effect, that the social machinery we are making for the war will be very useful after the war. They say that we cannot return to the pre-war traditions of competition or contract; and that therefore the time has come to make a new and more harmonious industrial system. They say the striker and the sweater can now bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. They say that because we have all become brothers in suffering we can all become partners in business. They suggest that, because we have raised a new army on the spot to beat the Germans in battle, we can also instantly create a new social system on the spot to beat the Germans in trade. In short, these bureaucrats and business men are making exactly the same mistake as the maddest and most impatient among the strikers. They are really trying to have a revolution in the middle of a war.

Now, to act thus is to do a rare and rather remarkable thing: it is to ask a man to do something, which he is quite ready to do, in such a way as to discourage him from doing it. The intelligent man, especially the intelligent working man, is quite willing to trust those in power to wage the war. He is not necessarily at all willing to trust them in a permanent or indefinite despotism throughout the ensuing peace. It is a distinction of commonsense which would be observed by any man in any emergency. If my house is on fire, I will follow a fireman and do what he tells me. But this does not mean that I shall follow him intellectually and as a disciple if he takes the opportunity to make artistic and personal suggestions about the rebuilding of the house. If, when my exquisite Louis Quatorze bedstead is blazing around me, he pauses thoughtfully to suggest a firmer structure founded on ancient Assyrian architecture, I shall point out to him as calmly as possible that he is a specialist who has stepped outside his province. If, when the oaken rafters of my old baronial hall come crashing down, he merely stands there with the florid gestures of a designer, suggesting the substitution of a gilded dome ornamented with oval mosaics, I shall defer the discussion to a later date. Yet this is not an atom more absurd than the notion that wherever we accept a discipline for the hour we must accept a doctrine for the future. It is not an atom more absurd than the supposition that, because men are proud to follow some jolly old Major in battle, they are bound to listen to and agree with all the nonsense he talks at his club. We should tell the fireman (if there were time to do so) that we believed him to know something about burning houses, but had not as yet any reason to believe that he knew anything about building houses. We may well explain quite as clearly that even the best of a bunch of men called together by common patriotism to save a State may not be great historic law-givers capable of building States. Sea captains are not necessarily naval architects; nor is a dashing cavalry officer invariably a biologist who has specially studied the evolution of

the horse. And, if this be true even of the best of the bunch, it is still more true of the political and bureaucratic bunch itself, which consists of men most of whom are by no means so skilful as an ordinary sea-captain, and by no means so courageous as an ordinary cavalry officer. There is nothing whatever about the way our rulers are chosen, the way in which they succeed, the way in which they talk, or the way in which they act, which would lead anybody to suppose that they have a new light on the darkest of social problems or a new road to the more ideal social schemes. We trust them in time of war for rougher and more rudimentary reasons—the ordinary reasons for trusting the man at the wheel. These do not at all include the conception of being an inspired geometrician and engineer, capable of inventing a new

know a little more about the hatchet, as George Washington's father did in the affair of the cherry-tree. I should want to know whether that implement was not the axe of someone who had an axe to grind; and whether he had or had not ground it upon the faces of the poor. But there is not the smallest necessity to introduce this problem, far less my own solution of it, into the urgent and deadly problem of defeating the enemy. The employer who honestly thinks himself wronged by his employees, the capitalist who sincerely disbelieves in every one of the tests I should apply, will still help me to defend the cause of our common country against the stranger; and he need not in the least agree with me in anything else because he agrees with me in that. That is the real and very satisfactory basis of National Service.

In a word, I do not want to bury the hatchet; I want to use it on the head of a Prussian Professor.

As to smoking the pipe of peace, we will do that after the industrial quarrel exactly as we will do it after the international quarrel—that is, not merely when that quarrel has been settled, but when it has been settled justly. To do that, we must turn to a totally different set of principles than those which govern the necessities of a nation making war. At present it is quite sufficient to say that we are making war. I will not smoke the pipe of peace with the Prussian Professor, for a variety of reasons which I have often set forth in these columns. The principal reason is that I believe that at present it would end in smoke—and most probably in more battle-smoke.

If we want National Service taken seriously, we must sound the alarm of a crisis; we must emphatically not open the indefinite avenues of a vista. We must tell a man, as with a trumpet, that what he is asked to do is verily and indeed abnormal and unnatural, just as his peril is abnormal and unnatural. We must talk as if we were talking to a man with his coat-tails on fire, not as if we were talking to a man who was settling down to rather too long a siesta in a hot sun. We must tell him to obey the fireman because the house is on fire; and it will not be wise to tell him that the house will always be more or less on fire after the visit of the fireman. In short, I believe there is not a man in England, however ignorant, who is not ready and able to do the most exceptional things for the nation—so long as he understands that they are exceptional. Considered as an exception, it will be a splendid and inspiring exception; considered as a rule, it will be merely a misrule. Therefore I think it soberly true, with all respect to the social reformers, that the less they say about a new world after the war the better. We are not making a new world in that sense, nor even a new commonwealth; we are saving the commonwealth we have by a hair's-breadth from a horrible destruction. It is true, no doubt, that fresher and freer social ideas will flow after the Prussian frost is broken.

But they will be much fresher and freer than any that have offered themselves, or could rationally be expected to offer themselves, in the midst of such a mortal doubt. The current ones consist, in effect, of saying in various ways that we must become Prussian in order to conquer Prussia. But, even if this be true, it would surely be wise to hold out the consoling prospect that, when we have conquered Prussia, we can leave off being Prussian. And we shall not inspire men to such sacrifice by telling them that national service will soon become a national servitude, but by telling them that martyrdom is only unnatural because it is half-divine.



IN A RUSSIAN FRONT-LINE TRENCH ON THE RIGA FRONT: THE LATE COLONEL PINENOFF; COLONEL BALTSKI; AND CAPTAIN BROMHEAD.

The Russian report of January 31 stated that Colonel Pimenoff, commander of one of the Russian regiments, who was leading the battle in the first lines, had been killed during our Ally's counter-attacks east of the Kalnseem high road. This lends additional interest to the photograph here reproduced. In the centre of the group is Captain Bromhead, the British officer charged with the duty of showing the British official war-films to the Russian Armies. On his right is Colonel Baltiski, a warm friend of Great Britain, and Chief of Staff of the Division of which Colonel Pimenoff's command formed a part. On Captain Bromhead's left is the late Colonel Pimenoff. Colonel Pimenoff was an ardent friend of England, and did all in his power to promote the Anglo-Russian entente. His last words to Captain Bromhead were an assurance that Russia and Great Britain would stand together until victory crowned their arms.

pattern which shall be a complete substitute for a wheel. They are Englishmen; they are sane; and any man who is not a foreigner or a lunatic must want to beat the Germans.

But when it comes to all this half-studying and half-healing of the old social diseases, the tendency is open to the same fundamental objections as the idea of half-beating the Germans. If I am called upon to settle either an internal or an external quarrel for ever, I shall be so eccentric as to ask who was right in the quarrel. Before I told the master and the servant to bury the hatchet, I should like to

## OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES ON TWO FRONTS: WINTER CAMPAIGN INCIDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1, 2 AND 3 BY SHOUBSKI-KORSAKOFF; 4, AND 5 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



A CAVALRY AFFAIR ON THE EASTERN FRONT: RUSSIAN DRAGOONS PURSUING THE ENEMY ACROSS THE SNOW AT THE GALLOP



A RUSSIAN INFANTRY BATTALION RESTING IN THE SNOW BEFORE FORMING UP TO JOIN THE FIGHTING LINE: THE "PIPE HALT."



WATCHING TO GIVE THE GERMANS A SURPRISE. RUSSIAN INFANTRY LYING ON THE SNOW IN EXTENDED ORDER IN READINESS FOR THE ENEMY TO APPEAR THROUGH THE BIRCH-WOOD IN FRONT.



WITH THE RUSSIANS IN THE WEST: IN A FRENCH CEMETERY—FILLING IN A COMRADE'S GRAVE; A RUSSIAN RED CROSS HEAD-NURSE LOOKING ON.



WITH THE RUSSIAN CONTINGENT ON THE WESTERN FRONT: INSPECTING A BIG GERMAN SHELL THAT FELL "BLIND"—THE TRENCH MILK-SQUAD ARRIVING.

Our first three illustrations come from the Russian front in the East. The hardy, agile, sure-footed Steppe-bred horses of which Russia has an unlimited supply for mounting her cavalry regiments, are used to getting over snow at speed. The dragoons seen in the first illustration—an instantaneous photograph, as the leg-movements of the horses show—were snapshotted while in pursuit of some Germans. Practically all the Russian regular cavalry are dragoons. Hussars are confined to half-a-dozen Imperial Guard corps "crack" regiments. The Cossacks supply the Lancers.—In the second and third illus-

trations, Russian infantry are seen: at a brief halt in the snow for a rest and smoke before forming up in the firing-line; and in extended order, prone on the snow, expecting the enemy to emerge from the copse of small birches in front of them.—The fourth and fifth illustrations are Western Front scenes with the Russian Contingent in France. They have already been in action, and it is stated that their appearance was a great surprise to the Germans they defeated. Their German prisoners declared that though they had heard rumours of Russians coming to France, they had hitherto refused to believe it.

THE ORANGE AND GREEN: IRISH-CANADIAN RANGERS IN IRELAND.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



BELFAST'S WELCOME TO THE IRISH-CANADIAN RANGERS: THE LORD MAYOR ADDRESSING THE REGIMENT OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL.



DUBLIN'S WELCOME TO THE IRISH-CANADIAN RANGERS: THE REGIMENT CROSSING THE O'CONNELL BRIDGE ON ITS WAY TO PHENIX PARK.



CORK'S WELCOME TO THE IRISH-CANADIAN RANGERS: THE REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS TO THE CITY HALL, FOR LUNCH.



WITH THE LADIES OF CORK WHO WAITED ON THE REGIMENT AT LUNCH: COLONEL O'DONOGHUE, THE LORD MAYOR, AND OFFICERS.



IRISH-CANADIAN RANGERS IN ARMAGH: MEN OF THE REGIMENT MARCHING INTO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.



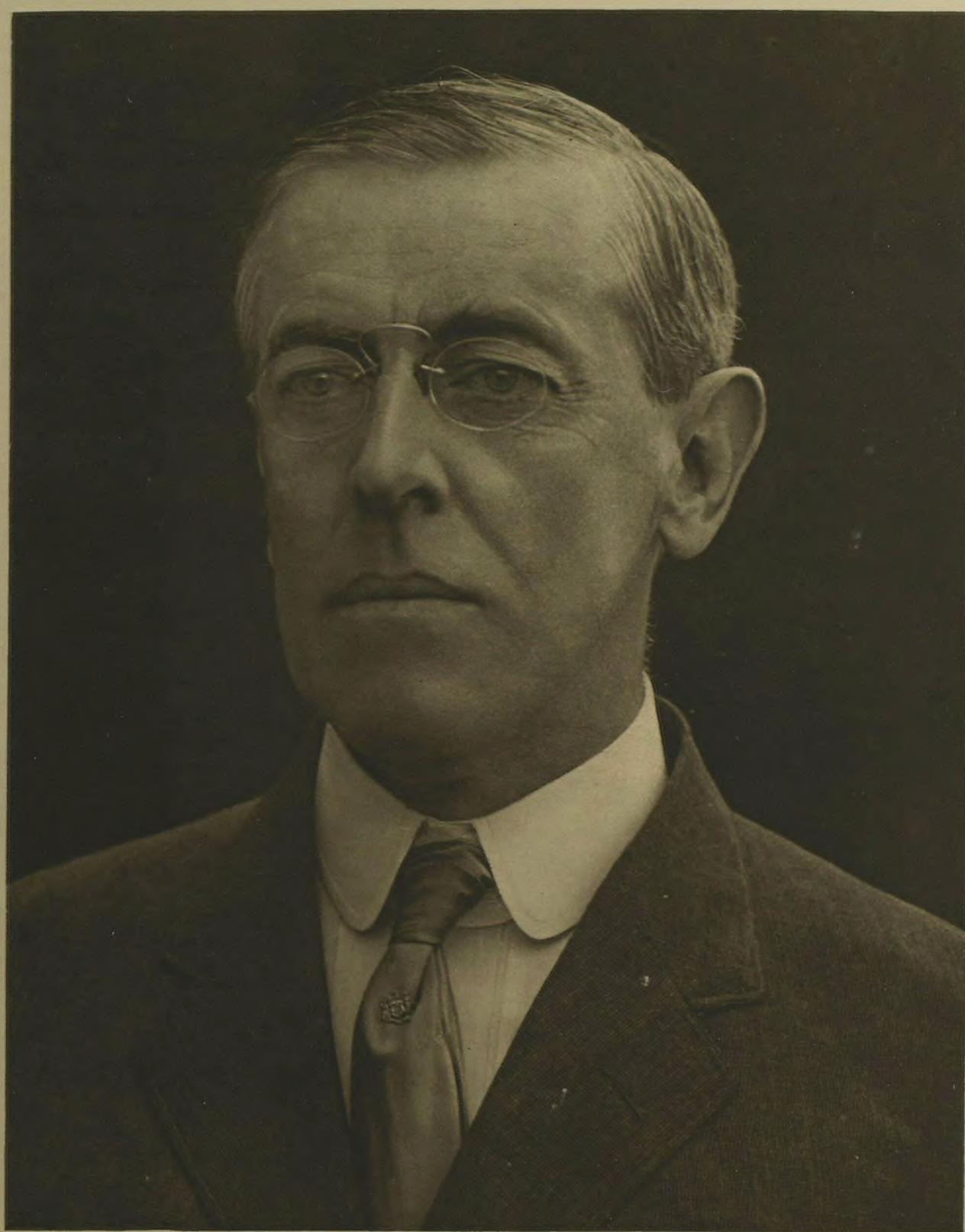
ATTENDING PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL: IRISH-CANADIAN RANGERS IN ARMAGH.

The Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish-Canadian Rangers, under Colonel O'Donoghue, had a great welcome wherever they went during their recent tour in Ireland. In Dublin the regiment marched through the principal streets, attended a matinée at the Theatre Royal, and an evening smoking concert at the Mansion House. The next day, being Sunday, the Rangers visited Armagh, where services were held both at the Roman Catholic and Protestant Cathedrals. At the former, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated, and an address was given by Cardinal Logue. At the latter the Primate, Dr. Crozier, preached. From Armagh the regiment went to Belfast, and there also were most

hospitably entertained. Crowds cheered them as they marched through the streets to be inspected outside the City Hall by Brigadier-General Hackett Pain. The Lord Mayor of Belfast addressed the men drawn up in the square. The next visit was to Cork, where the Lord Mayor said he regarded it "as a message from across the seas beseeching Irishmen at home to sink political and religious differences and unite for the common good." At luncheon in the Town Hall, the guests were waited on by ladies of the city and county of Cork, the younger ones dressed as colleens and all wearing the Rangers' colours—orange and green. The tour closed with a visit to Limerick.

## UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY AND HONOUR OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH.



"I, THEREFORE, DIRECTED THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO ANNOUNCE . . . THAT ALL DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE GERMAN EMPIRE ARE SEVERED": PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

President Wilson's speech before Congress on February 3 will be memorable in the history of the United States. After tracing the negotiations with Germany on the submarine question since the sinking of the "Sussex," and quoting the German Note of January 31, which announced that all ships, including neutrals, within certain zones, would be sunk, President Wilson continued: "This Government has no alternative, consistent with the dignity and honour of the United States, but to take the course which in its Note of April 8, 1916, it announced it would take in the event that the German Government did not declare and effect the abandonment of the methods of

submarine warfare which it was then employing, and to which it now purposes again to resort. I, therefore, directed the Secretary of State to announce to His Excellency the German Ambassador that all diplomatic relations between the United States and the German Empire are severed, and that the American Ambassador in Berlin will immediately be withdrawn, and, in accordance with this decision, to hand to His Excellency his passports." President Wilson went on to express the hope that the Germans would still refrain from committing acts that would involve the two nations in war. "Only actual overt acts," he said, "can make me believe this even now."

## DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS SEVERED: AMERICAN AND GERMAN OFFICIALS.

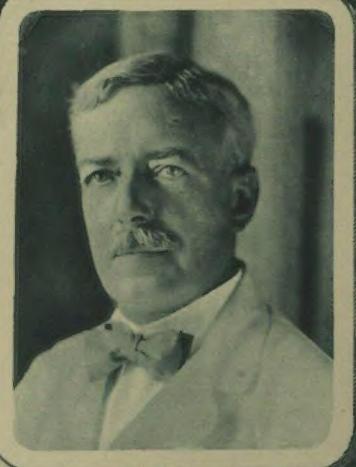
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, STANLEY, AND F. R. JAMES.



THE HON. JAMES W. GERARD, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY.



COUNT BERNSTORFF, GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.



THE HON. ROBERT LANSING, UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF STATE, WHO ANNOUNCED TO COUNT BERNSTORFF THAT DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WERE SEVERED.



THE HON. NEWTON D. BAKER, UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF WAR.



THE HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

As mentioned under our portrait of President Wilson, he said in his speech to Congress on February 3 that he had directed the Secretary of State (Mr. Robert Lansing) to announce to the German Ambassador (Count Bernstorff) that all diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany were severed, and that the American Ambassador to Berlin would immediately be withdrawn. At the same time the President said that he had instructed Mr. Lansing to hand Count Bernstorff his passports. Mr. James W. Gerard, the American Ambassador to Germany, was instructed on the same day to ask for his passports in Berlin. On returning from the House of Representatives, after making his

historic address, President Wilson conferred with the Secretary of War, Mr. Newton D. Baker, and the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels. Count Bernstorff is reported to have said, regarding the President's action in severing relations: "I am not surprised, and my Government will not be surprised. People in Berlin knew what was sure to follow the action they have taken. My part has been to carry out the orders of my Government." The affairs of the German Embassy at Washington have been entrusted to the Swiss Minister; while those of the American Embassy in Berlin will be looked after by the Spanish Ambassador.

“LES GRANDS BLESSÉS”: AT A STATION IN FRANCE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LUCIEN JONAS.



THE HOME-COMING: BADLY WOUNDED FRENCH SOLDIERS ARRIVE BY TRAIN.

The pathetic side of war is represented in touching fashion in this picture of the reunion of gravely wounded French soldiers and their relatives. The glories of war are hard to remember as we see the sad faces of the wives of these brave and patient soldiers. Surely in no other conditions than those of war-time is the joy of reunion so heavily discounted by the “living epitaphs written on the faces of the

broken-hearted.” But even this sad scene has its consolations; the crippled soldier and his wife embrace; the child held up to the father, who sees her but dimly, is able to share in the sad but welcome home-coming; and among them moves the benign figure of a nurse, speaking of sympathy and help. And there is the knowledge of duty bravely done.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## THE GRIMNESS OF THE GUNS MADE FAIRY-LIKE BY FROST AND SNOW: WINTER WARFARE IN ALSACE.

FRENCH OFFICIAL

PHOTOGRAPHS.



A WIRE-NETTING, BRANCH-COVERED, GUN-POSITION SCREEN TRANSFORMED INTO DELICATE WHITE TRACERY: 120-MM. GUNS IN THEIR WINTER NEST.



BREWING CUPS OF HOT COFFEE FOR A GUN-DETACHMENT OF GUNNERS MAKE AN EFFORT



WHILE AWAITING ORDERS TO BEGIN FIRING: A PARTY TO KEEP WARM IN THE OPEN.



AT THEIR POST AND READY FOR ACTION ON A TELEPHONE ORDER TO BEGIN FIRING: HELMETED AND CLOAKED GUNNERS AT A 155-MM-GUN STATION.



IN POSITION AND LAID TO POINT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ENEMY'S LINES: A 155-MM. GUN WAITING FOR ITS TEAM TO BRUSH OFF THE SNOW AND OPEN THE NEXT BOMBARDMENT.



ON SENTRY-GO IN THE WOODS: ALERT AND WATCHFUL IN KNEE-DEEP SNOW.



STATUEQUE AS IN BRONZE AMID THE UNIVERSAL WHITE: A FACE SEEN BY A SHELTER-HUT PALISADE.



ANOTHER OF THE FRENCH LONG-RANGE GUNS AT ITS WINTER POST READY FOR ACTION ON SHORT NOTICE: A FRENCH 155-MM. GUN IN THE SNOW AT ITS FIRING-POINT.

We have published in recent issues several snow scenes depicting life in the open with the British troops in their lines on the Western Front. In these illustrations we reproduce some French photographs of a similar nature, taken in the wooded hill country of Alsace, among the northern spurs of the Vosges, the tract lying between Nancy and Belfort. There the heavy falls of snow have transformed the landscape into scenes of almost fairytale picturesqueness in places. Trenches, gun-positions and batteries, dug-outs, are all mantled under dazzling white draperies, amidst trees that gleam, frosted over with sparkling icicles and branches drooping under layers of spotless snow. That is, of course, the scene viewed from its artistic side. The grim business of war goes on all the time. The men remain at their stations in spite of the bitter climatic conditions; and, as opportunity serves, the

artillery posts bombard across the snow-covered hills and forest stretches at certain known positions of the enemy. Getting the guns ready is only a matter of a few minutes; a matter of brushing off the snow from the gun-barrels and thawing, if necessary, the recoil-valve gear where frost may have got inside. For the rest, the snow mantling on top of the wire-netting and branch-screens concealing the gun-positions only makes the cover still better harmonise with the surroundings, and prove yet more effective. As our first photograph shows, it certainly also gives a touch of delicate transformation-scene-like tracery to the appearance of the screens themselves. The outpost sentries at their lonesome watch-points often have to stand motionless in the snow, and experience undoubtedly the hardest trials of all.

## CAMEL-CARTS AND MULE-SLEDGES AS AMBULANCES: IN EGYPT.



THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT" AS A HARNESS ANIMAL: A RED CROSS AMBULANCE-CART, DRAWN BY A TEAM OF CAMELS, AT THE EGYPTIAN FRONT.



SLEDGES FOR CONVEYING WOUNDED ACROSS THE DESERT SAND: A NEW TYPE OF MULE-DRAWN AMBULANCE EMPLOYED AT THE FRONT LINE IN EGYPT.

There are many varieties of ambulances, and of transport-vehicles generally, in use in different theatres of the world-war, for each country has its own peculiarities, which necessitate the adoption of special methods. In Egypt the problem for the medical services is to convey the sick and wounded over wide stretches of desert sand. As we show, two special modes of transport have been evolved, one a light ambulance-cart drawn by a team of camels, and the other a sledge drawn by a pair of mules. It is, of course, much easier to slide a weight over the surface of deep sand than to drag a wheeled vehicle through it: hence the use of sledges, and the fact that, while six

camels are needed for the wagon, a pair of mules suffice to draw the sledge. Among the large quantity of booty captured from the Turks in the recent British victory at Rafah were 58 horses and mules, 83 camels, 102 camel-saddles, and 32 pack-saddles. It is interesting to contrast with these Egyptian forms of ambulance those employed in the Balkans. Thus General Milne writes in his recently published despatch from Salonika: "Experiments as to the most efficacious types of mountain ambulance transport had been conducted . . . and as a result *travois*, mule-litters, and *cacolets*, . . . integral portions of each field-ambulance, convey the wounded back to the dressing-stations."

## CAUSE AND EFFECT: A SHELL-BURST AND A FROZEN SHELL-CRATER.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



ARTILLERY ACTIVITY CONTINUED DURING WINTER WEATHER: A SHELL BURSTING ON A FIRST-LINE TRENCH ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE.



THE EFFECT OF A BIG-SHELL EXPLOSION: AN ENORMOUS CRATER FULL OF ICE BROKEN BY ANOTHER SHELL FALLING INTO IT.

Shell-craters have become common objects of the landscape all about the front. During the wet weather they were turned into ponds, which latterly were frozen over. In the upper photograph is illustrated the causation of a crater, that is, the bursting of a big shell—in this case, on a front-line British trench. The lower photograph shows the effect—not necessarily of this particular shell—but the typical effect produced by the explosion of a large projectile. The dimensions of the great cavity it made in the ground may be gauged from the relative size of the figures of the two officers in the

background. The ice in the crater has been broken up by the bursting of another shell on the same spot. From almost any of the recent communiqués it may be gathered that the guns have been busy on both sides during the frosty weather. Thus in a despatch of February 1, it was stated: "Counter battery work and bombardments of the enemy's positions were carried out by us with success during the day at a number of places along our front. The enemy's artillery was more active than usual south of Ypres."



THE SCENE OF THE GREAT ANGLO-FRENCH OFFENSIVE: A PICTORIAL MAP OF THE SOMME AND ANCRE BATTLEFIELDS.

There is nothing so effective as a pictorial map for affording a general idea of a large tract of country, such as that in which the great battles of the Somme and the Aisne have been fought. An ordinary map, of course, is accurate as to distances, but it calls up no picture to the eye. The area here shown comprises the whole front on which the British advance was originally made—roughly, from Gommecourt to a point near Combles—also the section of the French front recently taken over by

the British forces, and part of the French front south of the Somme. It is also possible to locate the villages and woods whose names have become historic. The numbers on the pictorial map indicate the altitude of the ground at various points; and not particular hills. The sectional map on the left is added to show, approximately, the extent of the whole of the present British front, with the Belgian front, and not *French* front, as the British front is now called.

## THE SENTINEL OF THE YSER: A BELGIAN SOLDIER'S

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY

## TASK TYPICAL OF THAT OF THE BELGIAN ARMY.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, LTD.



KEEPING WATCH AND WARD OVER THE FLOODS OF THE YSER, WHICH

The work of the Belgian forces, though it has not figured much in recent communiqués, is of great importance to the Allies on the Western Front, and is most efficiently performed, for the Belgian Army has been thoroughly reorganized during the past year. It acts, as it were, as the sentinel of the Yser, in a manner of which the above fine photograph is typical. The Yser floods, which were partly brought about by Belgian engineers, have proved a most effectual barrier to the Germans in their attempted progress towards Calais. In guarding this vital barrier, our gallant Belgian Allies are performing tasks of stoical endurance which afford but little glory. Describing this part of the front recently, Mr. G. H. Perris wrote: "The three Western Allies are all represented on Belgian soil—King Albert's Army along the greater part of the Yser, the British on their right toward and past Ypres, the French on their left, across the coast road to Dunkirk and Calais. . . . Two years had passed since I



BARRED THE ROAD TO CALAIS: A SENTRY ON THE BELGIAN FRONT.

last saw the line of the Yser. Certainly much has been done in that time to make the lot of the armies more tolerable. Supplies and communications have been created; the agonising anxieties of those old days have long disappeared." After describing Nieuport, Mr. Perris continues: "Immediately beyond this the flooded area begins, where, save for a few observation-posts set on tiny islands, the hostile armies are widely separated. . . . Of course, the system [i.e., of fortification] cannot be described. There are passages over the river, galleries by the sea and inland, observatories, battery emplacements, points of concentration, an account of which would interest the reader especially the reader at German headquarters. As in other parts of the front, vast works have been carried out in the past eighteen months." It may be recalled that Lieut-General Rupuy recently succeeded the late General Wielemans as Chief of the General Staff of the Belgian Army.



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE COMMAND OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN, IN 532-537.

IN 2004, THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE, WHICH IS INSPECTED BY HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMUS OF TRALLE &amp; ISIDORE OF MILETUS.

BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, &amp; THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE, ST. SOPHIA.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE BIRDS AND OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

IN the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, we are told. This may be so; but when each counsellor tenders different advice, and assures us that his own alone is worth following, we are apt to get a little confused. This state of things is just now being brought home to us by those who would decide for us the knotty problems with which we are faced in regard to food and drink control, forced on us by the war. Some of these advisers are, without doubt, entitled to a very patient hearing, but among them are many with obvious axes to grind and old scores to pay off.

Our anxiety in regard to our food-supply at this juncture should be no more than a sane balanced survey of our resources, supplemented by the necessary action to ensure their fullest attainment. But would-be food dictators endeavour daily to curdle our blood by recounting the disasters likely to overtake us if this or that source of leakage is not at once stopped. The "ravages" committed by our birds have lately formed the theme of discussion in the newspapers. Much that has been written has been simply silly. In regard to others at least an acquaintance with the subject has been apparent.

The wood-pigeon has been named as an "undesirable," and the most drastic measures have been suggested to ensure its practical extermination. Among these, it is advised to shoot the sitting bird on the nest. Apart from the repulsiveness of the suggestion, it would be a futile proceeding. And this because the damage they undoubtedly do is wrought not so much by our native birds as by vast hordes which seek asylum here during the winter, returning to the Continent in the spring. Carefully organised shooting-parties on a large scale during the winter months, in areas where they are unduly plentiful, should help matters, and at the same time provide some useful food.

The house-sparrow is another on the "black list," and rightly so. Within limits, he is a very useful bird. But this is only during the time when there are youngsters to feed, for these require an insect diet, and to provide this hosts of injurious species, harmful to the gardener and farmer, are destroyed. But during this very period he becomes obnoxious, discounting the good done by reason of the fact that an increasingly large

number of insect-eating birds are being ousted to afford him a "place in the sun." By his policy of "peaceful penetration" he has so increased that to afford nurseries for his progeny the swallows and martins have their nests annually "requisitioned," and consequently, in so far, are debarred

The gull—a term which is meant to include at least six different species—is marked down for destruction, on account of the appalling drain it is supposed to make on our fish-supply. One writer recently asserted that twenty gulls will, in one day, consume enough turbot to keep a trawler going for a year when the fish reach maturity. One wonders how that estimate was arrived at, and what evidence worthy of the name can be produced to support it. Since gulls cannot

dive for their food, these turbot must have been taken during the very young free-swimming stage of their development, when they would be less than one inch in length. At this stage only an expert could identify such "fry" as young turbot. But, even so, it might as well be claimed that these birds were rendering our fisheries good service, for the young turbot are very voracious, and swim at the surface for the purpose of preying on other young fish, smaller than themselves, which in time would become food for man. The turbot lays from 5,000,000 to 14,000,000 eggs according to its age and size; the gull lays but three. It would be nearer the truth to say that one trawler destroys more young fish in a day than would suffice, if they had been left to arrive at maturity, to feed all the gulls in Great Britain for a year. On other grounds we should be glad to see a check placed on the numbers of the Greater and Lesser Black-backed and Herring gulls, but not because they imperil our food-supply.

That farmers and fruit-growers have just cause of complaint against some species there can be no question. But their grievances are

to be laid at the door of the Board of Agriculture, who have been urged time and again to establish a Bureau of Economic Ornithology, such as has achieved such splendid work in the United States. They cannot be got to see that the money devoted for this purpose would be indeed well spent. When this Board can be aroused from its lethargic indifference, it will be made a penal offence to kill owls and kestrels, which for years have been mercilessly destroyed by the un-intelligent game-preserved. And no less thorough will be the measures enacted for the protection of the lapwing, which at present is bled to death for the sake of providing gourmets with

"plovers' eggs," a wholly unjustifiable luxury which costs the country thousands of pounds annually.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



SCIENTIFIC PORTABLE BUILDINGS ON THE BRITISH FRONT: PUTTING UP A "NISSEN" HUT IN THE SNOW.

Official Photograph.

from rearing a family. Yet they are in every way the more desirable birds. The wariness of the sparrow makes him a difficult bird to "suppress," but his nest can always be raided, at any rate with a



A SPANISH SUBMARINE BUILT IN AMERICA: THE "ISAAC PERAL" OFF FORE ISLAND RIVER YARD ON BEING COMPLETED FOR SEA.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

little trouble. One does not want to see "Philip Sparrow" "wiped out," but only kept within bounds. And the same is true of the rook and the starling.

FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM: OFFICIAL MUIRHEAD BONE DRAWINGS.

REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION, FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT."



BRITISH SOLDIERS WATCHING RECENTLY CAPTURED GERMANS ON THEIR WAY DOWN FROM THE FRONT TO AN ARMY CORPS "CAGE."



WITH AEROPLANES FLYING ABOUT IT: AMIENS CATHEDRAL, THE "PARTHENON OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE," IN WAR-TIME.

Here we give two of the official drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone from the second part of that very interesting work, "The Western Front," which has just been published. Of the first illustration it is written: "British soldiers watching recently captured Germans on their way down from the front to an Army Corps 'cage.' Until removed to the base, our prisoners are well housed in huts, or tents, in a kind of compound, fenced with barbed wire and placed well outside the range of their friends' artillery. . . .". Of the

drawing of Amiens Cathedral it is said: "The 'Parthenon of Gothic Architecture' is seen . . . from the south-east. . . . The wooden spire, which Ruskin called the 'pretty caprice of a village carpenter,' looks finer in the drawing than in the original, the relative flimsiness of the material being less apparent. . . . Patrolling French aeroplanes are seen in the sky." An exhibition of Mr. Muirhead Bone's pictures of the Western Front is now being held at Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's, 144, New Bond Street.

## THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE AT DERBY: THE COURT AND THE PRISONERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE SCENE IN THE GUILDHALL AT DERBY DURING THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OPENING SPEECH:  
SIR FREDERICK SMITH (STANDING IN CENTRE) ADDRESSING THE COURT.



CHARGED WITH CONSPIRING TO MURDER  
THE PREMIER: ALFRED GEORGE MASON



THE WOMEN PRISONERS IN CHARGE OF A WARDRESS (ON LEFT): HETTIE WHEELDON; WINNIE MASON;  
AND MRS. WHEELDON—CHARGED WITH CONSPIRING TO MURDER THE PRIME MINISTER AND MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON.

The extraordinary conspiracy case opened on February 3 in the Guildhall at Derby, where the Mayor, Mr. H. J. Bonas, presided, with a number of other magistrates on the Bench. The four prisoners were: Alice Wheeldon, 50, of Pear Tree Road, Derby; Harriett Ann (otherwise known as Hettie) Wheeldon, 27, of Pear Tree Road, Derby; Winnie Mason, 30, of Millbrook Road, Southampton; and Alfred George Mason, 24, of Millbrook Road, Southampton. The charge was: "That the defendants on divers dates between December 26, 1916, and the date of the laying of the information did, amongst

themselves, unlawfully and wickedly conspire, confederate, and agree together, one, the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, and one, the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, wilfully, and of their malice aforethought, to kill and murder, contrary to the Offences Against the Person Act, 1861, and against the peace of our lord the King, his crown, and dignity." The Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Smith, opened the case for the Crown, and in his speech gave some interesting details regarding various poisons. At the moment of writing, the proceedings at Derby have not yet come to an end.

# THE LYONS FAIR

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## The Influenza Epidemic.

Influenza always upsets the digestive system—this year more so than ever. The lightest and most nourishing diet is absolutely essential to allay the internal distress, and therefore Benger's is the food so often ordered by the doctor.

**BENGER'S**  
Food

is retained when all other foods are rejected.

It is prepared with fresh new milk, is dainty and delicious, highly nutritive, and the most soothing of all invalid foods.

The "Practitioner" says: "Influenza the diet should consist mainly of milk, Benger's FOOD, and Calve's Food Jelly."

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere, price 1/-, 16/-, 36/- & 18/-.  
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER, England.  
Branch Offices: NEW YORK; 93, Beckman Street, SYDNEY; 27, Pitt Street, Depots throughout CANADA.

**To the little  
wayfarer—**

a grateful  
oasis of light in the lonely,  
trackless desert of the  
night.

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93 AWARDS

ROYAL CASTLE or CHILDS'. For Small Light.

To burn in a saucer containing water.



PALMITINE STAR. For Medium Light.

To burn in a glass holder without water.



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Scotch Broth	Or Tail
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Include a supply  
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Box of  
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THE MOTOR CLASS, AS CONSTITUTED AT MÜRREN.



IN THE CARPENTERS' SHOP.



THE WOODCARVING CLASS.



IN THE MILITARY TAILORS' SHOP.



AT THE FRENCH CLASS.

A party of sick and wounded British prisoners of war—about 28 officers and 500 N.C.O.'s and men—arrived last year at Mürren; but the number has since been reduced. The officers were accommodated in an hotel; the men in other hotels or chalets. Lieut.-Col. Neish, Gordon Highlanders, was appointed as Senior British Officer, the disciplinary and medical arrangements being under the Swiss authorities, with Capt. Llopert as commanding medical officer. Tailors', shoemakers', carpenters', and barbers' shops were started

with funds provided by the Red Cross Society, Berne, as well as a School of Motoring, a woodcarving class, and classes for French, German, Spanish, Russian, bookbinding, and typewriting. Arrangements were also made for Army Educational Certificates, and shorthand and telegraphy classes. The Y.M.C.A., as usual, did good work, and an orthopaedic gymnasium was provided by the Swiss authorities. The contrast in the conditions of life and occupations for the prisoners after existence in Germany can be imagined.

# VIROL



## “Firm, Sturdy and Strong.”

56, East Dulwich Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.  
November 8th, 1916.

Dear Sirs,  
I feel I must tell you what Virol has done for our boy. At the age of 6 months he could not take any foods that were given him, nothing suited him, and I think we tried everything. At last we were strongly advised to try Virol,

In Glass and Stone Jars, 1/-, 1/8, and 2/11.

BRITISH MADE.

S.H.B.

which we did, and were delighted at having found something that really agreed with him.

He is now 2 years old, and is very firm, sturdy and strong, and compares more than favourably with children we know who are 3 and 4 years old.

Yours faithfully, P. C. HARRIS.

VIROL, LTD., 148-166, Old Street, E.C.  
BRITISH OWNED.

## THE RIVIERA IN WAR-TIME.

HOTEL-KEEPERS and those who cater for the numerous visitors who prefer the mild air and bright sun of the Riviera to more Northern climates, have been sorely tried during the past three seasons. The annual winter visit to the shores of the Mediterranean was included among the joys of living, and every suggestion to add to the comfort and amusement of the guests found a willing ear among those who have built up the fortunes of the brightest spot in Europe. None could have foreseen a war unparalleled in the world's history, and affording proof that German "Kultur" has transformed a once peace-loving nation into swaggering barbarians. One of their old proverbs admonishes us to build a golden bridge for the fleeing foe, and, now that they have been cleared out of the French Riviera, the cosmopolitan visitors to Nice, Cannes, Mentone, and Monte-Carlo will no longer have to suffer from rude, uncultured, money-grabbing liegemen of the Kaiser. Those engaged in business or trade along the coast have suffered considerably through the small patronage bestowed by English visitors, in former days the rich clientèle of those who supplied their requirements, but now all "doing their bit" in Flanders. Villas have been closed, and in many cases may remain so. Hotels have willingly placed their establishments at the disposal of the sick and wounded; while others have closed their premises until peace is restored, and the English can return in comfort to their winter quarters of pre-war days.

Little change has taken place in the number of visitors to Nice, where the Avenue de la Gare, the Jardin Public, and the Promenade des Anglais, with the palatial hotels on the front, and at Cimiez, no longer retain the exclusive privilege of receiving the élite of Continental society. Even the shops have, with few exceptions, been transformed, for the elegant crowd which gathered

in the neighbourhood of the Place Massena has been replaced by the khaki and Joffre-blue warriors who are home from the Front or leave, or recovering from wounds or sickness. The fashionably dressed ladies encountered some few years ago, have disappeared. War has taken a heavy toll on human life; gloomy mourning has replaced the bright colours of frocks usually worn. The absence of prices of candied fruits and sweetmeats, marked in German figures, carriage and

Amusements on the Riviera have had to suffer from the war. The race meeting so largely and fashionably attended, was established by M. François Blanc, founder of Monte Carlo, and a bountiful subscriber to amusements and entertainments in the neighbourhood of the beauty-spot of the Riviera. He originated the gathering on the banks of the Var in 1860. They were suspended in 1871 owing to the German invasion. Hopes were entertained that the Minister of Agriculture would consent to the resumption of sport a couple of years ago, but these hopes were not realised. The pretty little racecourse has remained closed since the spring of 1914, entailing a loss of some £72,000 on owners and breeders, with proportionate decrease in the equine resources of the country.

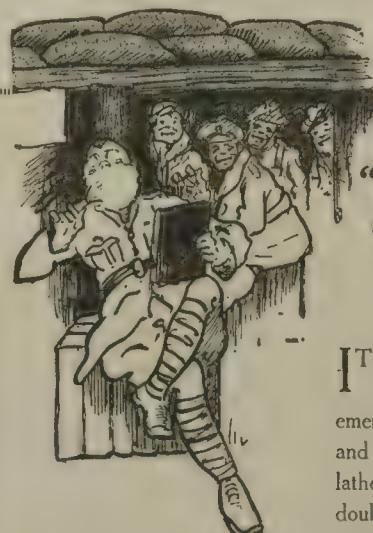
The management of Monte Carlo, in the able hands of M. Camille Blanc, the son of its founder, the actual President of the Society, has shown itself equal to the occasion. The links and the Golf Club at Mont Agel, overlooking the Principality, are well patronised, as well as the tennis courts; while admirable concerts are given every afternoon, and are open to wounded and convalescent soldiers staying at Nice, or in the hospitals along the coast. Prohibitions as to admission of uniforms to the Rooms where play is being carried on exist in peace and war. There is the usual series of comedies and dramas in the handsome theatre, M. Gunsbourg, whose reputation as impresario at Petrograd was acknow-

ledged, will again have the management of a most brilliant operatic season, introducing fresh lyric talent, with operas selected from the best composers, and from new scores, which his keen judgment has induced him to present to the hypercritical, inviting their verdict. Maestro Gané, the author of the "Marche Lorraine," will again charm the senses of connoisseurs with the music of a band selected from the laureates of the "Conservatoire de Musique" in Paris.



STILL POPULAR, IN WAR-TIME, WITH THE SEEKERS OF WINTER SUNSHINE. THE TERRACE AT MONTE CARLO DURING A CONCERT.

duty paid, to some town in the "Vaterland," explains that Nice has followed the example set along the Riviera, and has asked the subjects of the Imperial Superman to oblige with their room in lieu of their company. There has been an exodus of Germans, and the vast army of spies drawing salaries from the Wilhelmstrasse has been hunted across the frontier, though difficulty was experienced in freeing certain winter stations along the Riviera from the Teuton yoke.



## "Somme" shave.

IT is really "some" soap, this Gibbs's. Just the soap for all emergencies. A little cold water, and the result—a rich, perfect lather, giving a smooth shave in double-quick time—besides, it's British—the country we are fighting for.

Price 6d. and 1/- of all Chemists.

**Gibbs's COLD CREAM Shaving Soap**

Generous Trial Samples of Dentifrice, Cold Cream Soap, and Shaving Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd., (Dept. 12 P), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. Established 1712.

**SHORTAGE OF GOLD.**  
Highest prices now given for old Gold and Jewellery of any sort.

**S. SMITH & SON, LTD.**  
Watch & Chronometer Makers to the Admiralty.

Luminous 'Allies' Watch Unbreakable Front  
No more Broken Watch Glasses! WHY? Because it is impossible to break the Front!



Silver  
Screw-in Case.  
£33 0  
Guaranteed Good Timekeeper  
Jewelled Lever Movement.  
Dust and  
Damp proof.  
£33 0

Price Complete  
**20/-**  
Inland Postage,  
6d. extra,  
Foreign 1/- extra.  
Or including one  
extra bulb in  
lid, 2/- extra.  
Extra batteries  
1/6 each.  
Hermetically  
sealed in Tin  
box.  
Extra bulbs  
1/- each.  
Further pur-  
chases on  
application.

Smith's Electric Reading Lamp for the Bed.  
Size of Lamp, 5½ x 3½ x 3½ inches.  
Grand Hotel Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.  
West End Branch—68, Piccadilly, W.C.  
Please write for Special Lists of Accessories for the Front.

**MAJOR RICHARDSON, F.Z.S.**  
**KENNELS.**  
SENTRY DOGS, as supplied Army, from 5 gns.  
POLICE DOGS (AIREDALES), best guards for  
person and property, from 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.  
**BLAISDELL'S**  
ABERDEEN (SCOTCH) FOX (Smooth and  
Wire), IRISH, 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.  
GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423

**The FRENCH**  
**VICHY-CELESTINS**  
Natural  
Mineral  
Water.

for disorders of the LIVER:  
GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES,  
RHEUMATISM and all ailments  
arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the  
department of the Allier, and are the property of the

**FRENCH GOVERNMENT**

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine  
Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the World.

Wholesale Agents: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., Ranger Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.; and at Liverpool and Bristol.

**Mellin's Food**

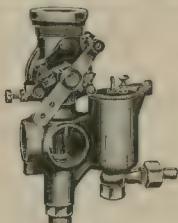
Health and vigour are the benefits derived  
by children from a diet of Mellin's Food  
mixed with fresh cow's milk. For fifty  
years it has met with unstinted praise  
from doctors and parents everywhere.

On receipt of name and address a free sample of  
Mellin's Food and valuable booklet of advice  
on "How to Feed the Baby" will be sent to  
anyone interested in Baby's welfare. Address—

SAMPLE DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, S.E.

*The Fresh Milk Food*

## CLAUDEL —HOBSON CARBURETTERS



As supplied to the  
Admiralty and War Office.

29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

### RELIEF FOR ALL.

#### BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Why not try these TROCHES for  
your Edgely cough? They are the  
old-fashioned remedy for the alle-  
giation of COUGHS, HOAR-  
NESS, SORE THROAT, BRON-  
CHITIS and ASTHMA.  
They contain no opiate, and are  
much appreciated by Singers and  
Public Speakers.

**STANDARD**  
CAR  
ALL-BRITISH  
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD. COVENTRY.

Natural  
Mineral  
Water.

Signet Rings, Fob Seals,  
Desk Seals.

ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship.  
HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.  
Memorial Brasses & Armorial Windows.

LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

**Do not let Grey Hairs  
appear.**

Restores Grey or White Hair to its  
original colour, where the glands are  
not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and  
the Hair from coming out. Restores  
and Strengthens the Hair.  
**IS NOT A DYE.**  
Sold Everywhere.

### NATURE DEMANDS RECREATION.

*A Fascinating Amusement.*

## TWIDDLERS

PATENT, PLATED METAL DICE-TOP,  
INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Large - - - 1/6  
Small - - - 1/-

By Post, 1/8 and 1/1.

SUPERSEDES THE OLD-  
FASHIONED DICE AS  
THEY SPIN ANYWHERE.

CARRY A TWIDDLE IN YOUR VEST POCKET.  
Numerous exciting Games can be played at any moment.

### JUST WHAT OUR MEN IN THE TRENCHES WANT.

Can be obtained from the principal Dealers  
in Sports and Games.

**HAMLEY** 86, HIGH HOLBORN;  
BROS., Ltd. 202, REGENT STREET;  
512, KNIGHTSBRIDGE;  
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Or by Post from J. G. TIMMINS & CO.,  
22, High Street, DONCASTER.

WHOLESALE LONDON AGENTS:  
JOHN JAQUES & SON, Ltd., 26, KIRBY ST., HATTON GARDEN

**Oakey's WELLINGTON  
Knife Polish**

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery,  
and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters  
at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocer, Ironmonger, Oiemen, &c.  
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

**BEWARE OF  
Umbrellas made  
on Foreign Frames**

**THE VITAL POINT  
in an UMBRELLA is  
THE FRAMEWORK**

INSIST ON HAVING

## FOX'S FRAMES

UMBRELLAS & SUNSHADES  
ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.  
LOOK FOR THESE MARKS

**S. FOX & CO. LIMITED**  
**PARAGON**  
ON THE FRAME.

Purchase  
BRITISH  
Goods  
and  
Refuse  
all Sub-  
stitutes



### HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Gives instant relief from  
Catarrh, Asthma, etc.  
The Standard Remedy  
for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

**When**  
you entertain—  
**When**  
you travel—  
**When** you thirst—

You will find nothing  
so good as

## BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Write for Free Illustrated Booklets.

H. P. BULMER & CO., Wholesale London and Export Agents:  
HEREFORD. Findlater, Mackie, Todd and Co., Ltd.,  
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By Appointment  
to H.M. the King



The Best Fence for Boundaries of all kinds—whether  
on Big Estates or Small Holdings—is unquestionably

## EMPIRE HARD WOVEN WIRE FENCE

MADE UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.  
Every wire is of equal strength, tested to bear a  
strain of 2,210 lbs. The whole fabric is strong  
yet resilient, and will withstand the attack of the  
heaviest animal without injury.

The wire is woven in a flat, lozenge-shaped  
shape, which is the best and most durable  
method of weaving wire fence.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue P.

PARKER, WINDER & ACHURCH, Ltd., Birmingham.

### BE HAPPY AND WELL

Positively prevents and cures  
SEA-SICKNESS and  
TRAIN-SICKNESS.

Officially adopted by  
Steamship Companies  
on both fresh and salt  
water—endorsed by highest  
authorities—and used by  
travellers the world over.  
Contains no cocaine, morphine,



### WHILE TRAVELLING.

opium, chloral, coal tar pro-  
ducts, or their derivatives.

Tested by Royalty,  
Doctors, Chemists, Army  
and Navy. No bad  
after effects. — Of all  
Chemists (in Boxes 2/6 &  
5/-), or 19, St. Bride Street,  
London.

GUARANTEED TO PREVENT & CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

## LADIES' PAGE.

THE late Lord Cromer was one of a large class of men in regard to the position of women. In his final despatch as British representative in Egypt, he told the men of that country that the reform most urgently needed for their progress and prosperity was to set their women free; to allow them to unveil their faces, to go about the streets at will, and to be educated and to work in the world as they might wish (these are my words, but they correctly give what was Lord Cromer's expressed opinion); and then he came over here, and took the position of President of the Anti-Woman Suffrage League. He was unable to perceive that restrictions on the activity and that checks on the development of his own countrywomen were the same in principle, and possibly as mischievous in practice, as the seclusion of the women of Egypt. There are many other gentlemen in like case. Everything that Englishwomen have already secured is all right; and they would not take away one iota of the education, the admission to various forms of wage-earning work, the freedom of movement, the activity in public affairs, so far as already is secured for the women of their own nation; indeed, they would, on every count, introduce as great freedom for women into other lands. But, like Canute, they would stop the tide exactly where they set their own chairs. Lord Curzon of Kedleston has succeeded Lord Cromer as President of the Anti-Woman Suffrage League: it is, to say the least, a curious coincidence that two men who have passed many years in the atmosphere of the East, where women are so suppressed, should take this position.

"Why does a woman look old sooner than a man?" is a question—begging inquiry familiar to us all. The easiest and probably the most correct answer is, "She doesn't." But, upon my word, you never know where you are with men's ideas about women! The Report of the Electoral Reform Commission reminds me of the Insurance Companies' system for many years (now "reformed") about insuring women: when we took out a life policy, we had to pay more than a man on the score that a woman's life was less secure; but when we wanted to buy an annuity, behold! we still had to pay more (much more) on the ground of a woman's life-prospect being *better* than a man's! So now, here is this Commission, every individual gentleman on which very likely would be prepared to maintain that women do develop earlier and consequently "go off" earlier than men, coolly proposing not to let any women vote till they are thirty-five years of age! A lad is to become entitled to give in his individual vote on the day that he reaches his twenty-first birthday; but his sister is not to be considered to have attained an equal degree of intelligence until her thirty-fifth birthday! This is ludicrous to the last degree. Of all the absurd "fine franchises" of hi tory this proposition will stand as the most grotesque.

It is further proposed that the only women of thirty-five to be allowed to cast a vote shall be those on the



FOR MOURNING.

A graceful dress of black cloth and Georgette crêpe, with narrow bands of seal-skin, and buckle and buttons of dull-jet heads. The hat is of black silk with a large jet pin in the front, and the veil is of black Ninon with hemstitched border of crêpe-de-Chine.

municipal register; that is, who pay rates for a house in their own names, or (curious proposition) the wives of men on that register. This shuts out a very large proportion of the self-supporting women, who, unless their business is lodging-house keeping, naturally do not, as a rule, occupy a house each on her own account. Like single men, women workers generally live either in their own families or under some arrangement which lets a landlady do their housekeeping. But the single men who pay rent of only four shillings a week, and even if to their own fathers, have the lodger franchise; while it is proposed that self-supporting women are only to vote if they are themselves the householders and so direct ratepayers—very unequal. Does it not seem very illogical, and very purposeless? The air is full of praises of the hitherto unsuspected abilities of women, and of the patriotism and energy and great courage that they are displaying. If this is all honestly meant, are not the women of the homeland now proved to be as worthy as their Australian and New Zealand sisters, who exercise the vote on equal terms with their brothers?

At root, the change in the position of women is an economic one. Altered conditions of production must and do compel women to go out into the world to seek a livelihood, and new social ideas and governing customs must needs accompany this change, for the safety and happiness of the community. No doubt there will be something to regret in the past. As Fanny Kemble heard the negroes sing in anticipation of their women's emancipation: "No more dey dust and scrub, No more dey wash and cookee! But all day long we see Dem read de noble bookee." And then, if women are to work and to earn like men, they must accept similar liabilities. To compare great things with small, for instance, women munition-workers who want to smoke like men must be sent to prison if they take matches into the factory, and risk the lives of all around them, for just the same reason as the great warrior-Emperor of Rome, Aurelian, put forth for carrying Zenobia, Queen of the East, captive in his Triumph—"She could fight and she could conquer like a man, and in her adversity she must expect to be treated like a man." The magistrates who sent a young man to prison and only fined a girl worker the other day for alike endangering the same munition-factory by taking in cigarettes and matches, then, took a curious view of the cases.

Peremptory orders are required from the Food Controller to compel domestic servants to submit to any curtailment of their waste of food. Great scarcity of domestic labourers deprives employers of all power to exercise due authority on this matter; and to "rely on the instinct of self discipline" in the kitchen community is absolutely idle—their "instinct" is just the reverse. Let it be "the Law commands" and, so backed, mistresses may succeed in checking waste downstairs.

FILOMENA.



Never be without a bottle of La-rola. It is a toilet essential to every woman who studies her appearance and cares to retain the charms of her sex.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

is a non-greasy, non-sticky toilet milk for gentle self-massage of hands, arms, neck and face. It prevents chapping and roughness, and it banishes redness, leaving a delicate, white, velvety bloom of perfect skin health. Don't experiment with others, insist on LA-ROLA.

LA-ROLA is quite economical, 11/- per bottle, because it goes a long way. It is sold at Chemists and Stores all the world over.

PALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-, M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

## Damask

When renewing your Table Linen you will find very helpful the beautiful designs of Irish Damasks which are to be found in our "Green Book." As actual manufacturers we offer our linens at direct prices.

By Appointment  
to their Majesties  
the King & Queen.



## Table

Heavy double damask table cloths 2 x 2 yds, 17/-; 2 x 2½ yds, 23/4; 2 x 3 yds, 25.6; 2½ x 2½ yds, 29/2; 2½ x 3 yds, 35/-.

Dinner napkins to match, 24 x 24 ins, 26/- per doz.

Cuttings and Price  
List sent post free  
upon application.

Robinson & Cleaver,  
40 Donegall Place  
LIVERPOOL.  
BELFAST

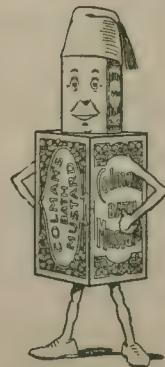


Our "Green Book"  
sent free to in-  
tending purchasers.

## Linen



"Call up the reserves" with a Mustard Bath. If the daily toil of war has left you stiff, sore, and fatigued take ten minutes in a mustard bath—just a tablespoonful or so of mustard in the warm water, with a cold sponge afterwards. It "calls up" your store of vitality. Any bath—any time—any day—why not to-day?

Colman's  
Mustard Bath

"Let Mustard Mistard  
prepare your bath."

The Food  
in Illness

THE sick person has no taste for food, yet strength must be maintained at all costs. It is not possible to use a more satisfactory food than the "Allenbury's DIET," which has answered when all other kinds of food have failed. The following unsolicited testimonials from Medical Men, are taken from among many.

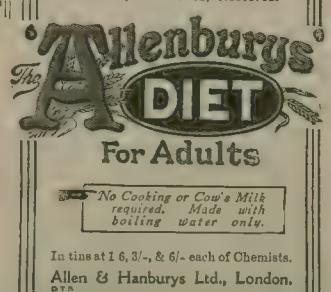
A Doctor writes:—

"I consider it a first-class Diet, not only in illness, but also in those cases where every other kind of food seems to disagree." (SIGNED).....M.B.

Another Doctor writes:—

"During recent family illness I found your Diet a most convenient and nourishing food, and many a time when preparing it in the 'small hours' for the patient I secretly blessed you for your valuable product." (SIGNED).....L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

Soothes, Nourishes, Restores.



No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In time at 16, 3/-, & 6/- each of Chemists.  
Allen & Hanbury's Ltd., London.

## HOW I PERMANENTLY REMOVED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

After Pastes, Powders, Depilatories, Electricity, and various advertised preparations had failed.

Simple, Easy Method which any Lady can use at Home, and Quickly Rid Herself for ever of this Humiliating Affliction.

By KATHRYN B. FIRMIN.

I WAS deeply humiliated by superfluous hair which seemed to steadily increase and become more hideous as I grew older, and I cannot find words to tell you how good I felt and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I finally realised that the unsightly growth had disappeared for ever. Before achieving this happy result I had tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed hair at all it was for a short time only, and the hair soon reappeared, stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I chanced to learn of a device by which the women of ancient Rome completely rid themselves of superfluous hair.

With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a method entirely different from anything I had ever seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all my superfluous hairs without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted; but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft, and white, and as the months slipped by and not the slightest trace of the hated superfluous hair

"A horrible hairy mask ruined my face. For years I was humiliated and ashamed, with a beard like a man."

"Now my superfluous hair has completely disappeared, and my face is soft, fair, and smooth. You can accomplish the same permanent results without trouble or inconvenience of any kind."

can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I am so grateful for my own delivery from the curse of superfluous hair that I feel I should give full particulars regarding the discovery to all sisters who need it. Merely enclose two penny stamps for reply, and I will send you particulars by return of post. I will positively guarantee that any lady can permanently and painlessly remove her superfluous hair, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own home without the knowledge of anyone. Address: Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 18 B), 133, Oxford Street, London, W.

NOTE.—The discovery of Mrs. Firmin is unquestionably a marvellous blessing to all women suffering from this humiliating affliction, and we strongly advise readers to write at once for full information regarding her secret. Don't use this treatment near the scalp, eyebrows, or where you do not wish to have the hair permanently removed.

### FREE COUPON.

Issued to readers of "The Illustrated London News," by Kathryn B. Firmin.

Cut out this Coupon to-day, and send with your name and address (or write and mention No. 18 B), enclosing two penny stamps for postage, to Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 18 B), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., for free particulars regarding her marvellous discovery for permanently and painlessly removing superfluous hair.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



returned, I realised that I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered, they tried the same method on their own skins, with equally effective and permanent results. They told me in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from womankind and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment and gave it the highest endorsement. A prominent Society lady who used this method some time ago, now says: "Your treatment is marvellous, because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white, without a shade of superfluous hair."

I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you

## Delta

"AS values go to-day, Madam," the manageress was telling Mrs. Campbell, "Delta boots are worth shillings per pair more than they cost."

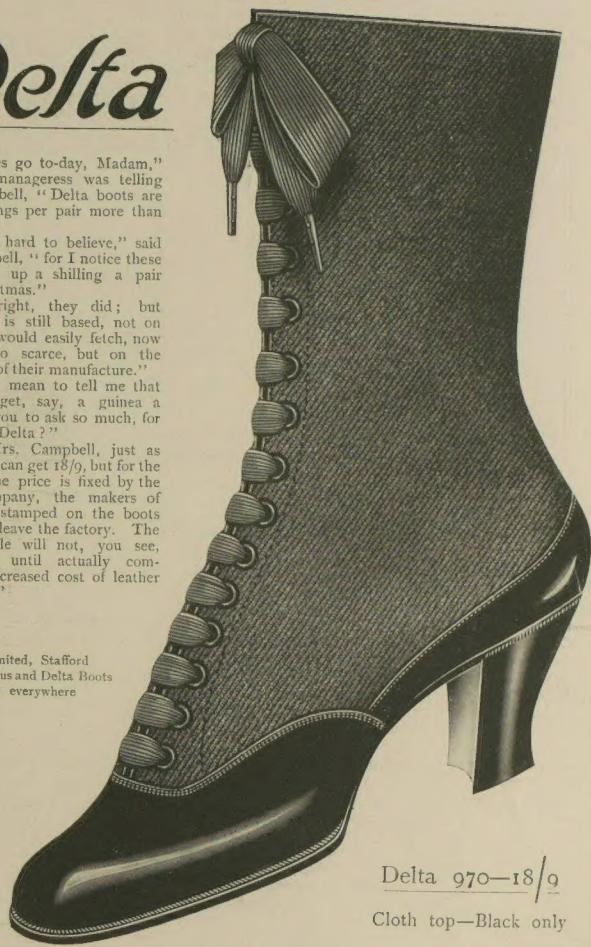
"Rather hard to believe," said Mrs. Campbell, "for I notice these boots went up a shilling a pair about Christmas."

"Quite right, they did; but their price is still based, not on what they would easily fetch, now boots are so scarce, but on the actual cost of their manufacture."

"Do you mean to tell me that you could get, say, a guinea a pair, were you to ask so much, for these 18/9 Delta?"

"Yes, Mrs. Campbell, just as easily as we can get 18/9, but for the fact that the price is fixed by the Lotus Company, the makers of Delta, and stamped on the boots before they leave the factory. The Lotus people will not, you see, raise prices until actually compelled by increased cost of leather and wages."

Lotus Limited, Stafford  
Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots  
Agents everywhere



Delta 970—18/9

Cloth top—Black only

Do you  
use the  
delightful

### Pomeroy Day Cream

It is the daintiest, most refreshing, and most beneficial toilet cream made. Can be used any time of the day, as it is non-greasy and "vanishing."



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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Royal Automobile Club. There has been a good deal of talk recently about the attitude of the R.A.C. towards the proposal of the Government to commandeer the Club's premises to house the personnel of one of the State departments. It has

forgotten that for a considerable period the Club placed a large part of its premises at the disposal of the Red Cross Society, free of cost to the Society. The latter is still in occupation, and is only asked to pay a proportion of the club's ground rent. As Mr. Stanley says in his letter, if the Club committee thought that it would be of more use to the State to cease all these activities and hand over the premises to the Government, not a single member but would cheerfully acquiesce. He contends, however, that the Club is really carrying out work of great national importance, and from that point of view it would be mistaken policy to commandeer the building for offices and thus put a period to the Club's activities. He makes out a case for the Club from his point of view; and, in view of the many criticisms that have been passed on account of the Club's apparent neglect of the interests of the motorist, he throws light on the real and valuable work that the Club has done in connection with the war.

spirit during December are very much lower than those of the preceding months—they are 75 per cent. below those of November, as a matter of fact. These figures must have been known to the Committee long before the 22nd ult., and it would appear to have been merely a matter of common justice to issue the announcement relating to new licences in time to give car-owners the opportunity of deciding whether to pay the taxes or to lay up their cars.

The Proposed  
New Motoring  
Club.

I gather that the proposal to form another association for the private motorist has not met with a very flattering response. I have a perfectly open mind in the matter, and if a sufficiently strong body of motorists can be got together to form a new association, well and good; but it is scarcely surprising that the scheme has failed to catch on at the present juncture. In fact, a more inopportune time than this to launch such an enterprise could hardly be imagined. A very large proportion of motorists are away on active service, another is busy on war work at home, and the "private" owners who are doing nothing in the national cause cannot get



FORDING A SOUTH AFRICAN RIVER: A STRAKER-SQUIRE CAR.

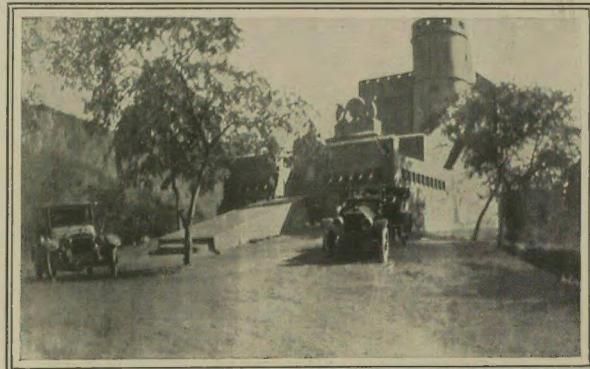
In this excellent car motorists will notice the apron put over the radiator to throw the water to the sides, and also the piece of rubber piping put on the end of the exhaust to assist matters.

become known that the Club has entered a very strenuous protest against its being so taken over, and this has led to accusations of a want of patriotism on the part of the Club and its committee. In answer to these accusations, the Chairman, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, has addressed a letter to the Press setting forth in detail the reasons that have prompted the Club's objections to the commandeering of its premises. Answering the charge of want of patriotic feeling, the letter points out that, of the 16,000 members of the Club, no fewer than 11,000 are in the Navy or Army; while, of the remaining 5,000, some 3,000 are engaged, directly or indirectly, in war work. In the course of the voluntary services rendered by the Club to the nation, its members have covered a total of 11,000,000 miles, without a penny of recompense. They have provided their own cars, paid for their own tyres and petrol, and have given their services gratuitously. Further, the Club has extended the privilege of honorary membership to all Naval and Overseas officers, who have taken advantage of the concession in very large numbers. Thus many officers of His Majesty's Forces have come to regard the Club as their only available home during their visits to London. Over and above these manifold activities, it must not be

ult. It points out that this announcement was made after a large number of car-owners had paid their Inland Revenue taxes, and that the net effect of the Committee's decision is to proscribe the use of cars by withholding petrol after the State has collected its pound of flesh in the shape of the taxes. I have not hitherto joined in the criticisms that have been levelled against the Petrol Committee, because I realise that it is carrying out an onerous task, in the execution of which it can by no possibility satisfy everyone. In the work of dealing with such a stupendous problem as that which confronted the Committee, the latter was bound, in the nature of things, to inflict hardship, amounting in some cases to something like injustice. That being so, one is loth to comment adversely upon its methods, though, truth to tell, these have sometimes appeared peculiar, to say the least. In the present case, however, I do think the *Motor* is right in its attitude. The figures relating to the import of motor

Petrol and  
Car Taxes.

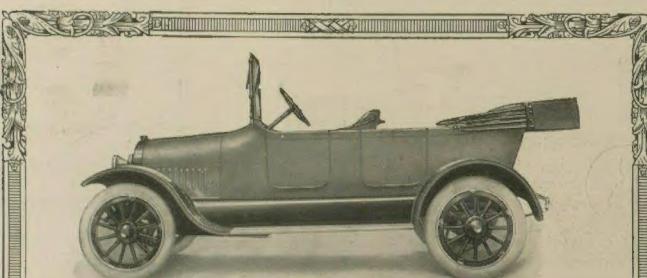
current issue,  
the *Motor* registers a protest against the action of the Petrol Committee in announcing on Jan. 22 that no new licences for petrol would be issued after the 24th



WEST AND EAST: A VICEROY'S VISITING CAR.

The car shown in our picture, on the left-hand side, is the Daimler used by Mr. H. S. Green, of Messrs. Simpson and Co., Madras, to convey his Excellency the Viceroy of India during his recent visit to the Udaipur State in Rajputana.

petrol to run their cars. Altogether a most unpromising outlook for founders of new motoring associations. However, I understand that the project has not been dropped, and that another meeting is to be held shortly to decide whether to persist with the design or to defer action until after the war. To me, it does seem like misdirected effort to waste valuable time on such a matter now. W. W.



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**Buick**  
VALVE-  
IN-HEAD  
MOTOR  
CARS

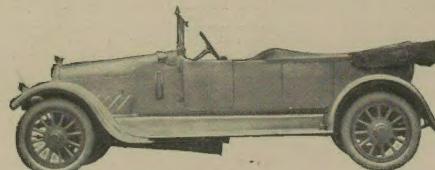
THIS new Buick model embodies practically all the features which have so popularised the 1916 Buick "Six." It is, however, a smaller car and exceptionally economical in upkeep. One of these cars is now on view at our showrooms.

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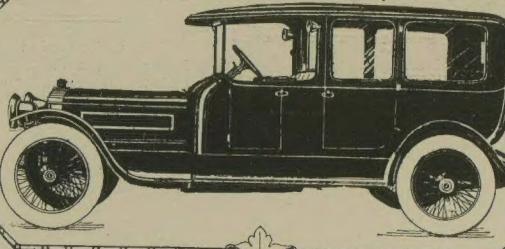
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THE prestige of the Daimler is the constant care of every Daimler craftsman. It is reflected in the fine quality of the varied engineering for war purposes now going through the works.

IT will shine with increased brilliancy after the war, for the Daimler activities will prove a wonderful chapter in the war's history.

The Daimler Company, Ltd., COVENTRY.



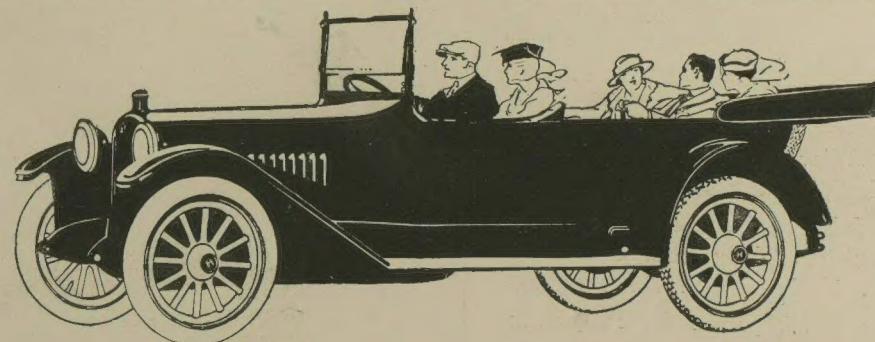
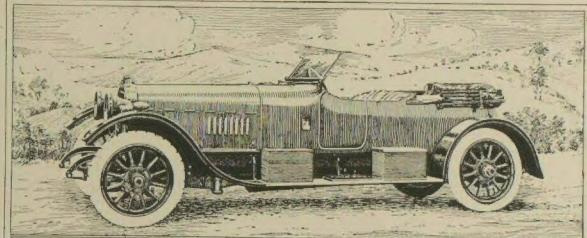
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was this gigantic war. It has proved to be a war of inventions and machinery, in which the internal - combustion engine has established absolutely the scientific soundness of its principle, and the wonderful efficiency and adaptability of its use. It has also proved the marked supremacy of Sunbeam motor - cars as well as

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "ANTHONY IN WONDERLAND." AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

IT is a pity there should have been any legal troubles over "Anthony in Wonderland," for, as things have turned out, both the author, Mr. Monckton Hoffe, and the leading actor in the play, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, have achieved in it success of a rare and delightful kind. Technically speaking, Mr. Hoffe's flight of fantasy is a burlesque of that type of cow-boy drama which is so popular in cinema houses. It is also the story of a hoax played by friends on a young man who seems about to miss his chances of a fortune, and has got somehow to be made to fall in love in ultra-romantic circumstances. But it is more than this. When Anthony Silvertree, after having been taken to a picture-theatre and shown his ideal on the film in the heroine of a lurid cinema tale, wakes up from sleep to find himself apparently planted in the Wild West, right in the midst of the drama he has seen, with all its picturesque characters facing him and the girl of his heart ready to respond to his courtship, he is in the position of a person who has suddenly his fondest dream realised. In advance of the coming true of his dream, such a person would wonder fearfully whether he could live up to its possibilities of heroism; offered what he has been longing for all his life, he would be more nervous lest the dream should fade than concerned about his own responsiveness to his opportunities. And so it happens deliciously, as Mr. Hoffe arranges it, with this Anthony who loves crude and violent situations. At first he is afraid that the cinema folk who have incarnated themselves—near Leith Hill, as it proves—may act out of character, that the passionate romance that has come his way at long last may elude him round the corner. That makes the irony and fun of the play; the more he is in earnest in his heroic poses and catch-words, the more the audience smiles. Imagine, then, his tragic sense of disappointment, his almost demented state, on waking afresh into a commonplace world, till the girl of the dream approaches him once

more, and the joke can be explained and forgiven. Mr. Hoffe works out his interesting idea with a thoroughness that is artistic, and the happiest blend of humour and fancy. Fortunately, he finds in Mr. Hawtrey a player who can lend flesh-and-blood actuality to his idea and his idealist. Mr. Hawtrey has done wonders during his career as a light comedian; Mr. Hoffe has helped him to reveal a new side of his talent. There is an intensity in his acting in this new play for which even his greatest admirers must

his author, and let us hope this will not be their last combination.

## "ZIG-ZAG." AT THE HIPPODROME.

There are certain features which "Zig-Zag" has in common with other Hippodrome revues. Once more its heroine, this time impersonated by the fascinating Miss Shirley Kellogg, trips up and down the gangway right into the midst of her audience; once more the girls of the chorus go round the house, this time fishing with electric bait.

On the other hand, the piece seems more exhilarating and decidedly fresher than its predecessors, bright as they were. Part of the explanation may be set down to its gorgeous scenic effects, notably its "Chinese Lacquer" episode, which "Chu Chin Chow" does not better, and, again, the zig-zag of ladders that makes so striking a climax of the show. But the interpreters are also responsible. Here, for instance, is Mr. George Robey doing quick changes with a whole procession of droll characters, and causing screams of laughter as he mistakes one of the boxes of a theatre for his bedroom. Here is Miss Daphne Pollard, one of the most magnetic artists we have ever had from the States, who does the weirdest dances, especially on an electric carpet. And here are also Mr. Bertram Wallis, with a patriotic ditty, and Miss Cicely Debenham, with her telephone-girl song to her lover in the trenches, both in their very best form.



ON THE MONASTIR FRONT: MEN OF THE ITALIAN CONTINGENT.

French Official Photograph

have been unprepared. The cry of hysteria which his Anthony gives when his dream and his love seem gone is a veritable *cry de cœur*; and all through the cinema scene there is a concentration, a gravity, a doggedness about the actor's methods that is absolutely perfect. The girl charm of Miss Winifred Barnes as the cinema heroine has its value, though an actress of more experience could have made much more of Aloney's scenes; the quiet forcefulness of Mr. Valentine in the rôle of the *deus ex machina* was always of service to the story; but the real honours must be awarded between Mr. Hawtrey and

to the War Loan, of which £156,000 is new money.

After the outbreak of war, when a large number of the employees of Humber, Ltd., Coventry, joined the colours, a committee was formed at the works to organise a scheme for sending parcels of food, clothing, pipes, cigarettes, etc. A number of the men are now prisoners of war in Germany, and upwards of 600 others are in the fighting-line. During last year over £800 was raised by the men and the staff, and parcels have been sent to employees now in war areas and home depots, to hospitals, and to prisoners in Germany.

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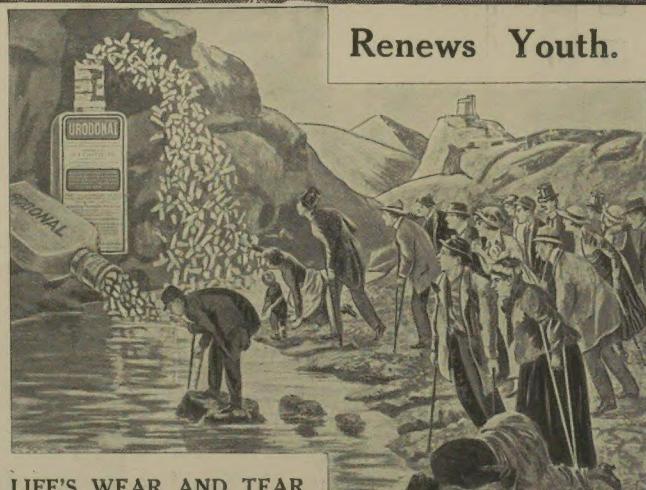
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